

# THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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## THE RUNAWAYS.

THE little Grays — Charlie, Sadie, and Emma — had a visit one afternoon from their little cousins, Mary and Edith Leonard. They played prettily for some time, first in the house and then on the lawn; but at length they grew tired of common sports, and began to talk about what they could do that would be "real fun." Several things were named, but none of them seemed so inviting as Charlie's suggestion, that they should put on rubber boots and go into the meadow and wade in the brook, which just then was swollen into quite a stream, on account of recent rains. There you see them playing to their hearts' content.

They are all having fun now, but when they get tired of it, and go back to the house with wet clothes and wet feet, they will feel that it was the wrong kind of fun, after all.

For The Dayspring.

## ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

R.

With help of Heaven we've gone thus far;  
Now what shall we do for the letter R?  
The printer already for "copy" cries,  
And still the white leaf before us lies.  
Surely the rolling letter R  
Shall not our further progress bar!  
Well, but already our hand is in;  
We've taken a start, — we've begun to begin.

The Rose-bug, everybody knows,  
Has a strong attachment to the Rose.  
What other merits he may possess,  
Not knowing, I might vainly guess.  
Whatever other charms he may lack,  
He has a pretty, striped back.  
At all events, just now my Muse  
Him for a hero does not choose.  
She turns from bugs and creeping things  
To those that float on brilliant wings. —



When B employed us, we passed by  
 That beauteous bird, the Butterfly  
 (By German children once, I've heard,  
 Called *Sommervogel*: Summer-bird).  
 The Butterflies are a numerous race,  
 To name them all we've hardly space.  
 The *Silver-Spot*, the *Marble-White*,  
 The *Ghost-Moth*, — best discerned toward night, —  
 The *Orange-tip*, the *Tortoise-shell*,  
 The *Common Blue* (each child knows well),  
 The *Death's-Head* and the *Mourning-Cloak*,  
 The *Emperor*, — fond of ash and oak, —  
 The *Tiger-Moth*, the *Swallow-tail*,  
 To name them time and space would fail.  
 On one alone just now I dwell  
 (The reason you will see full well),  
 One of the most picturesque of all, —  
 His name is the *Great Red Admiral*.  
 Ho! admiral of the airy seas!  
 How gorgeously upon the breeze  
 Thy pennon floats before my eye,  
 Deep red against the summer sky!  
 That red is not the hue of blood  
 That many a time has tinged the flood,  
 When some dread admiral of might  
 Shattered a fleet in furious fight;  
 Far likelier 't is the hue of flowers  
 Whose juice he sipped in golden hours.  
 Sail on, O admiral of the air!  
 And to earth's children still declare  
 The name of thy Creator, God;  
 And, as thou spread'st thy wings abroad,  
 Teach them above the earth to rise  
 And win the freedom of the skies.

C. T. B.

## SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALKS.

## IV. — BLOSSOM-WORDS.

BY ABBIE M. G.



**BLOSSOM-WORDS!** what *can* they be?" ask the children. "We know what the blossoms of plants are, and are always happy when the fields and waysides are bright with them; but blossom-words, — they must be very queer."

No indeed, not queer, but as bright and beautiful are they as the field-flowers, and when once you learn about them, you will not forget them any more than you do the flowers.

Perhaps if I tell you how Harry Greenwood learned about blossom-words, you will easily understand their true nature. Harry was one day playing with his little brother Jamie, and they did not agree. Jamie was only four years old, and Harry was eight; you would suppose that Harry would be very gentle in his play with the little brother. So he was usually, but to-day there had been some trouble about the toys, and Harry spoke impatiently, and when Jamie cried, he called him a disagreeable name. It was not a bad name, — Harry would have been ashamed to have spoken that,

— but it was a foolish one, unpleasant to hear. Jamie ran to his mother, repeating it in his sweet little tones, and this made Harry very much ashamed. The words sounded worse on Jamie's lips. He hung his head, expecting his mother's reproof.

But Mrs. Greenwood only asked, "Would my little boys like to take a walk with me now?"

"Oh, yes!" both answered joyfully. Jamie forgot his trouble, and Harry almost forgot his naughtiness, — not quite.

It was in the summer, and the meadow near their home was lovely with an abundance of flowers. The children could hardly step without walking on them. Harry and Jamie gathered the daisies and buttercups, and those little blossoms of the sorrel that look like red spires, and the grass-blossoms, too, that are so delicate and pretty, as you will find, if you only take the trouble to examine them. Harry enjoyed making bouquets of flowers mixed with these pretty sorrel-blossoms and grass-blossoms. He would tie them up securely with long spears of grass. Soon he had made five or six, and then he sat down upon a large rock, as if tired. Jamie, too. But Harry was not tired; he was still thinking of that foolish word, and wishing he had not said it.

"I hope Jamie will forget it," he thought more than once; "I would not teach him to remember such a word for the world."

Somehow the day did not seem as pleasant, nor the flowers as beautiful, because of what he had done. It is so with us all, and will be through all the years we live. If we do or say what we know is not good or right, the delight passes out of the pleasantest things.

Mrs. Greenwood came and sat down upon the rock, too. She knew what was in her little boy's mind. She was glad that he could not altogether forget what he had said.

"What flowers are those by the wall?" she asked presently, pointing to the tall, coarse-leaved plants growing not far from them.

"Oh, mamma, those are not flowers; those are weeds!" laughed Harry.

"Why do you not gather them, too?"

"Gather weeds!" said Harry, laughing still more; "why, they are not pretty; some of them prick and scratch; nettles grow there that sting, and the thistle, which, although it has a pretty blossom, hurts your hand if you try to break it; the burdocks, too, if they get on your clothes, are hard to pull off. Oh, mamma, who would think of gathering weeds?"

"Did you not offer a very ugly weed to Jamie this morning?" asked his mother soberly enough. "You avoid the weeds that grow here in the field, and which can only do harm to your hands or clothes, and yet you do not always avoid that kind of weed that does so much greater harm. I wish my little boy would think to use blossom-words, — those beautiful words of kindness and love that help to make life so



pleasant; and never, never use the weeds that harm. Loving and kind words are like the flowers in their influence, they brighten and please, — yes, they do more, they awaken love and tenderness in return; but harsh and foolish words hurt one's self, and make others unhappy. Use blossom-words, Harry!"

"So I will, mamma, and whenever I am going to say a foolish word, I will think, That is a weed. We want only blossoms."

"Yes, Harry; and remember this, too. The surest way to have the blossom-words always at hand is to keep the heart kind and true. It was your impatience that made the foolish word come. Back of blossom-words must be right thoughts, remember that. If your heart is kindly and loving, the blossom-words will appear in your speech as plentifully as the flowers here in the meadow."

So this is the way Harry came to learn about blossom-words. Will you, too, not always try to use them, dear children?

For The Dayspring.

### CO-OPERATION;

OR, HOW "A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENED THE WHOLE LUMP."

(Concluded.)



HE plan the children decided upon, as advised, was a Children's Fair for raising money, for which they would make such attractive little articles that no one of their grown-up friends could help buying them. "Perhaps they could make as much as \$5.00!" one little girl said; a very large sum, but they were all so

willing to work, perhaps they could get even as much as that! They met together once a week, and a kind lady read to them while they worked, and now and then corrected their mistakes.

At the end of some months a collection of what had been made was arranged, and it was joyfully reported to me by Alice, that they "had a whole bedful of things!" This would surely be enough for a sale! One little boy had made some shuttlecocks of pretty colored papers, "For some other little boys, who could not make them as well as he could," he said, "might like to buy them." Another little boy had made a book of thick brown wrapping-paper, tied on the back with blue ribbon, and pasted pictures in it, and words made from large letters cut from the newspapers. There were little bags and pin-cushions and patchwork, of course, — for whoever saw a fair without these? — and they were very neatly made. All the children had gathered something for the fair while in the country during the summer; some had pressed ferns, others had collected bunches of wheat, of oats, and grass, of cat-o'-nine-

tails, thistle blossoms and the pods of silk-weed; these would be so pretty, they thought, to trim sitting-rooms with in winter.

Among these woodland treasures was a bird's nest that had been outgrown and deserted; it was attached to the little branch upon which it had been found, and was intended for a place over a picture. Mamma thought, when she saw it, that it would afford a good text for an object lesson at some future time. Two little sisters brought shells from Marian Beach, — mussel shells, such as our Pilgrim forefathers tried to make a dinner of, when their provisions failed; jingle shells, so called because there is a musical sound when the waves wash over them; and boat shells, so called because there seems to be a little seat in them, to sit upon.

One of the larger girls had watched a farmer's wife making bread with such hearty good-will that she was attracted to learning how to do it; she remembered too, that her father had once told her that if she would learn how to do it well, he would give her a five-dollar gold piece. After winning his hearty commendation, she thought she would make a loaf for the fair, which she did, much to the gratification of the one who bought it. It was made like those which obtained the prizes at the late Mechanics' Fair, — simply with water and salt and a little yeast.

Tickets for admission were written by one of the older boys. The fair was held at one of their homes, and was a very attractive exhibition. A flag was lent to decorate the entrance. And they made \$40.00! — which was sent, in due time, to the Children's Mission.

After the fair was over, the Waverley family had a little talk about it in the twilight, as they gathered about the open wood-fire; they usually had such talks after any important occurrence; Jenny said they did her good. Papa thought a fair enabled every one, who inclined, to "lend a hand" in one way or another; and that working for it developed ingenuity, cultivated social qualities and habits of industry; and mamma thought it a good way of "gathering up the fragments," as the Bible said, "that nothing be lost." I had noticed that the manners and speech of the children were improving, while they were so busy for others. On one occasion, Harry had overheard me inquiring about a little purchase that I wanted to make at the store, and had immediately said, "if there was anything *he* could get for me, he would be happy to do so," which I thought was very manly and delightful.

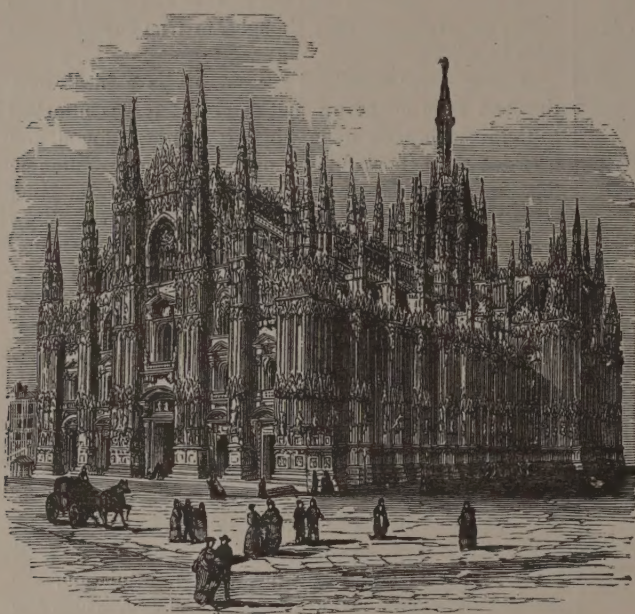
Their success in this plan suggested another for their mutual improvement, of which I would sometime like to tell you.

A. H. McK.

ANY one is wise who seeks wisdom; but when any one imagines that he has perfectly attained it, he is a fool.

OBSERVE how a person spends his time; thence you may judge with certainty of his inclination and genius.





### MILAN CATHEDRAL.

**T**HE following description of this wonderful structure is from the pen of one who has visited it.

Milan, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the largest and wealthiest cities in Italy, having a population of about 212,000, exclusive of the garrison and the suburbs. The most celebrated of the eighty churches in this city is the Cathedral. It was begun in 1386, and the dome in 1490, and the whole was finished at the close of the fifteenth century, although it can hardly be said to be completed even yet. The whole building is of white marble. It is five hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty through the transept, and contains, outside and in, four thousand five hundred statues and pinnacles. As seen from the outside it looks like a forest of spires. The transept is supported by fifty-two pillars, each twelve feet in diameter. There are two gigantic columns of red polished marble, each in one piece, which support a balcony by the largest door in front. The height of these pillars is forty-two feet.

The beauty and magnificence of the interior we cannot find language to describe. The floor or pavement consists entirely of mosaic in marble of different colors, and is very beautiful. There are numerous pictures and statues by celebrated artists adorning the walls and ceiling, and in the numerous niches on every side; and the splendor of the stained-glass windows is wonderful. There are three large windows back of the altar, somewhat in the form of a bay window, in each of which there are a hundred and forty-four panes of glass, about one foot by a foot and a half, and every one of them

has a Scripture scene of several persons, in exquisite colors.

In ascending the stairway to the roof, we found a hundred and fifty-eight steps; and what a world of beauty was before us in the endless pinnacles and statues, most of which were executed by the most celebrated artists of Europe. Every one of the statues that were crowded into every niche of all this wilderness of spires was of marble, and was wrought as perfectly as if intended for a gallery of statuary. Then we ascended to the platform of the great cupola, four hundred and eighty-six steps more; and our young friends can never fully understand the view that is there presented of the whole city and the surrounding plains, and the snow-capped mountains away in the distance, unless their own eyes behold it. To the top of this pyramid or spire is three hundred and fifty feet.

While our eyes were feasted with the beauty and grandeur of this world-renowned cathedral, and its wealth of fine paintings and statuary, our heart was made sad to think of the moral darkness and superstition of the masses who gather here to worship. Not a word of much that is said in the services can they understand. They come into this temple at all hours of the day, and of every day. Persons of all ages — parents with their lisping children, young men and maidens, and those tottering with age — bow and courtesy to the Virgin and the crucifix, repeat their prayers, cross themselves with the holy water, and retire. Is this the worship God requires?

### A HINT FOR THE YOUNG.

“I KNOW of no principle,” says Sydney Smith, “which it is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you know you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.”



For The Dayspring.

## GERTIE'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.



MRS. BRACE pinned her worn plaid shawl across her breast, tied the strings of her bonnet with hurried fingers, and prepared to set out for her day's work.

"Now be good children," she said, in parting. "Tom, don't you be playing tricks on Gertie, and perhaps I may bring you all something."

When she had gone the children fell to wondering what she would bring them. Not that she was able, whenever she went out, to buy candy or toys for the little ones waiting at home, as more fortunate mothers are in the habit of doing. On the contrary, she was a hard-working widow who labored early and late to find food and clothing for her three children. Occasionally she varied her occupation of washing and ironing by going out to clean paint or to assist some family to move from one house to another. At such times she was frequently given some article of furniture which had fallen into disuse, or some of the odds and ends which accumulate in every house.

From this source came the faded, shaky, but still comfortable easy-chair in which poor Gertie reclined, for, like Jenny Wren, the pathetic doll's dressmaker of Charles Dickens's book, her "back was bad."

The cracked vases and few odd pictures which brightened the room were gifts of this kind also, and consequently the children were always glad to have their mother go to clean house, for they always hoped that something nice would be given her.

On this day she was going to a grand mansion, and their expectations were high.

"Perhaps," said Tom, "she'll bring me George Coburn's old velocipede. He's got a new one. My! Don't I wish she would!"

"Pshaw!" said Kate, who was busily engaged in "tidying up" to the best of her small strength. "You're always wanting the best of everything. I hope they'll give ma a rocking-chair. Although I'd like one of Mamie Coburn's cast-off dolls."

"Oh, I say," cried Tom, "perhaps she'll bring us some cake and nuts like she did once before."

"No, she won't. That was after a party, you know. What do you hope she'll bring, Gertie?"

"I don't know," said Gertie wistfully. "There's so many things I'd like to have, — books and pictures and jelly and soft dresses."

"Well, she's sure to bring us something," said Tom, "for the Coburns are awful rich."

So ever and again through the day the children wondered what good thing their mother would bring; and when at dusk they heard her footsteps, Tom and Kate rushed to open the door for her, while Gertie struggled to sit upright in her eagerness.

"What did they give you, mother?" they cried, as Mrs. Brace entered the room.

"There, let me sit down," said the weary woman, "for I'm that tired I could hardly get home. And of all the stingy places —"

"Did n't they give you anything?" said Tom.

"Yes, boy, they gave me my wages, barring the half hour they stole from me."

The little faces fell, but brightened again as Mrs. Brace added, "And, oh yes, I suppose they call this a present."

She took a flower-pot from beneath her shawl, saying, "Here, Gertie, if you don't want it I'll throw it out. I've no time for plants."

Tom and Kate were disgusted, but Gertie took the pot and set it carefully away.

"There's a sweet young lady named Grace at Mrs. Coburn's," continued Mrs. Brace. "She asked me all sorts of questions about you, Gertie, and says she's coming to see you."

This pleased Gertie very much, and she went to bed happy in the prospect of having a new friend, for the poor child was often lonesome.

In the morning she examined her plant by the broad daylight. It did not look very promising, for the only two leaves it possessed were but half unrolled. She placed it in the window-seat by her chair, however, and coaxed Kate to bring some water for it.

Miss Grace called to see her that very day and proved to be a "sweet young lady" indeed. She asked Gertie how she passed the long hours of the day; told her that the plant was a calla lily and would soon blossom; asked if she ever went to church or Sunday-school, and promised to bring her some books.

After that scarcely a day passed that the little cottage was not brightened by a visit from the young lady. She not only brought comforts for the body but spiritual food for the soul.

In the meantime the despised plant grew and thrived. Gertie wooed every sunbeam that came through the unwashed panes of glass to fall upon it; for Mrs. Brace had too much washing of other persons' windows to do to keep her own very clean. But one day Gertie persuaded Tom and Kate to try their skill upon the window, and the result was so pleasant that of their own will they washed the other window of the room as well.

After this not a blemish was allowed upon the glass, and day by day the lily grew until at length it put forth a shoot which Miss Grace declared to be a bud. If Gertie had loved her plant before she now almost worshipped it. As tenderly as a mother nurses a sick child she watched over the bud and counted the days before it would open.



"I cannot stay long to-day," said Miss Grace, one morning. "We are preparing our Easter offering, and making arrangements to trim the church."

Gertie clasped her hands and said fervently, "Oh, if I could give something! But we are so poor."

"You have given your heart, have you not?" said Grace. "What more beautiful offering could you make?"

But Gertie longed to be able to help in the adornment of the church and to see the decorations in all their beauty.

One morning, as she was watering her plant, she suddenly exclaimed, "Why can I not give my lily?"

It was a sacrifice, for the lily had grown very dear to her and she had few pleasures. But she determined to do it. More eagerly than ever did she now watch the bud, for she feared it might bloom too early or too late.

Her delight knew no bounds when the flower opened in full beauty the day before Easter. She laid her cheek against its creamy softness; she spoke to it in loving language, and when Miss Grace came for it in the evening, she cut it with tender fingers and held it to her lips while she breathed a prayer of consecration.

Easter was as bright and beautiful as heart could wish. "Oh, if I could see the church!" thought Gertie.

It seemed to her that there was an unusual stir about the small house. Her mother came to dress her earlier than usual and put on her best clothes. Then Tom and Kate hung round the windows and whispered in a most mysterious way.

Soon there came a knock at the door; Miss Grace appeared, and almost before Gertie realized what was being done, she was placed in a low wheeled chair, and rolled to the church by Tom and Mr. Coburn's servant-boy, while Miss Grace and Kate walked by her side. When they reached the door the sexton helped bear the chair to a quiet corner of the church.

Happy Gertie! She heard the rich tones of the organ, she listened to the joyful Easter music, and she feasted her eyes on the beautiful flowers which covered the pulpit and the communion table and filled the baptismal font to overflowing. Prominent among the flowers, in a slender vase, was her own lily shining white and pure against the dark green of its leaves. In her humble corner she clasped her thin hands and prayed that her life might be as pure and spotless as her beautiful flower.

THE sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks in tones of tenderness, truth, and courage.

Two things a man should never be angry at, — what he can help, and what he cannot help.

It is easier to fall than to rise; therefore take good heed to thy ways.

For The Dayspring.

## PURITAN CUSTOMS IN "OLD" NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY.

### CHAPTER I.



IT is back to Plymouth, Salem, Boston, and the other Puritan settlements we would go. Let us say that the time we take to visit these places is between the years 1630 and 1650. In 1630 Plymouth had been settled about ten years. In 1650 Salem and Boston had been settled about twenty years.

To begin with, our company, which consisted of young people, had determined to be very cautious about what we said in public, reserving our opinions to be discussed among ourselves. This caution was necessary; for the people whom we were about to visit were somewhat set in their ideas.

Of course we took ship at Plymouth, England, and set sail across the Atlantic. We made the long voyage as pleasant as possible, and were delighted when the cry was heard, "Land ahead!" It was the American Continent. We, after some little trouble, rounded Cape Cod, and landed at Plymouth, as the new colony was called. It is marked Plymouth on the map which Captain John Smith made of New England. About the town was a strong stockade made of hewn planks which stood on their ends. Admittance was had at the gates, which were at the ends of the streets. It was through one of these gates our company passed. As soon as we entered, we saw that the houses were made of these same hewn planks. Upon the hill we noticed a large, square building with a flat roof, on which were six cannon. These cannon were able to shoot four and five pound balls. The Puritans meant to protect themselves. They believed in the sword of the Lord. But the building was more than a fort for carnal warfare: it was a fort for spiritual warfare; it was the meeting-house.

Sunday morning came bright and clear, and we rose just as early as on any other day. It was our purpose to "go to meeting." We conformed to the custom and went with the rest of the towns-folk at the captain's door. Each man carried his gun. The captain was Miles Standish.

"Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November."

His was

"The same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error."



The drum was beating; the captain called all to order, and forming a column of three abreast we marched up the hill to the meeting-house. We entered; the elders and deacons took their seats under the pulpit, and sat facing the congregation. The men took their places, and put their guns down beside them, and within easy reach. These Puritans and some of the Indians were already at enmity. The women, young and old, took their places, for each had an appointed place. The boys were kept in sight, so that there was no misconduct unseen. The governor was at church, — William Bradford. He was born in Yorkshire, England, 1580. We are told that he was a shrewd, wise, active, and generous man, and was beloved by the little colony, which chose him as governor from 1621 to 1657.

At this time—that is, when we made our visit—there was no regular pastor of the church at Plymouth. Pastor Robinson could not come over when the Mayflower sailed; but he hoped to some time. He was disappointed. Elder Brewster did his best to supply the place by reading a sermon or some other religious discourse.

All were ready and waiting when the elder rose and began with the long prayer. We thought it very long, oh, so long! If we could have remained seated it might have been borne. But this we could not do; we must stand. After prayer a lesson from the Bible was read and expounded; then a psalm was sung. We waited for the organ to begin, but we had no need to; for there was no organ. The elder simply read a line and the congregation sang. Few were the tunes, — York, Hackney, Windsor, St. Mary's, and Martyrs comprised the whole list.

Now for the sermon; but before the elder began we saw the sexton go up to the pulpit and handle a little piece of furniture which was on the desk. What is he doing? we asked ourselves. He is turning the hour-glass, and when the sand has all run through, the preacher also will be through. "Another hour?" one of the company was bold enough to whisper to the one next him. "I am tired out already. How can I stand it?" The Puritan helped us to stand it; he was always ready with means to aid people in doing this duty. We saw men standing in the aisles, with wands in their hands. They were the constables. These wands had at one end a hare's foot and at the other end the hare's tail. We had only to use our eyes to learn the use of these wands. Near us sat a flaxen-headed little fellow who looked very tired. He had listened as best he could to the prayer, to the Bible-lesson, and the singing, and now his little eyes can keep open no longer; he drops his head and naps. Down came the hard end of the constable's wand on the little head and the boy was wide-awake. If it happened to be the boy's mother who was so tired that she could not longer listen to the sermon, the tail of the hare was brushed against her face; after this she kept awake. She would be ashamed to be caught napping.

At last the sermon has ended; and we are relieved from the danger of a tap on the head; for much longer we could not keep our eyes open.

The congregation are on the move, so that we begin to put on our wraps and prepare to go home. But we stop, for no one moves towards the door; all are going to the front of the meeting-house. What are they doing? we asked ourselves. We stood still a moment and learned what all meant. The congregation were going up to put their money-offerings in the boxes held by the elders, or deacons. If there had been a gallery in the meeting-house the people there would have come down, two by two, walked up one aisle, put their money in the boxes, and, walking down the other aisle, returned to their places.

After thanksgiving or benediction the service ended, and the march home began.

In the afternoon also we attended service. This was conducted in a somewhat more democratic manner than the morning one. The people of Plymouth, since they had no regular pastor, turned the afternoon service into what we now call a "conversation meeting." The elder gave out a subject, made a few remarks, and then asked others to express themselves; whereupon a debate began. We listened, and came to the conclusion that the saints could get a little wrought up. We will not say they were angry, but certainly a good deal of earnestness was manifested. These debates, we were told, sometimes ran high. It is a fact that in after times no minister remained long at Plymouth.

It happened one day, that we spoke of a pastor as the Reverend Mr. A.— We were sharply reprov'd and reminded that there was none reverend but God. When we spoke of the Gospel from St. Matthew, and the Epistle read from St. Paul, we were told that there was no need to say "Saint" Paul or "Saint" Matthew any more than to say Saint Abraham or Saint Isaac. The Puritan called none of them saints. He himself was as much a saint as any one; for he had the witness in himself that he was one of God's chosen people.

Our next paper will give an account of our company's visit to Salem and Boston.

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For The Dayspring.

"LO, I COME TO DO THY WILL, O GOD."

HERE are two feet, Lord; be they consecrate  
To run thine errands, or to stand and wait.  
Two hands, Lord; poor and weak though they may be,  
Make them just strong enough to work for thee.  
Here is a heart; oh, fill it with thy love,  
And make it quick at sorrow's call to move.  
Here is a brain; and here a willing soul,  
To think, to live for thee; — their powers control.  
Take me and fashion me as pleases thee,  
Use me in thy good work, for naught else pleases me.

W. N. EVANS.

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DR. JOHNSON used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any."





Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!  
Your house is on fire; then why do you roam?

For The Dayspring.

#### FEED MY SHEEP.

JESUS, Master, we are poor,  
And thy children cry for meat.  
Shall we turn them from the door?  
Shall we give them husks to eat?

Do we love thee? dost thou say?  
Lord, thy question makes us weep;  
Ah, thou know'st we love always!  
Yet we do not feed thy sheep.

They are calling on our ear,  
Everywhere the voices sound;  
If we listen, we shall hear  
How they're waiting all around.

What, oh, what have we to give,  
In our lowly bankruptcy?  
We ourselves can only live  
On thy gracious charity.

Master, we can take thy bread,  
And divide with young and old;  
When we save the fragments spread,  
They shall grow a thousand-fold.

And returning to our hands,  
We can ever give and keep,  
If we follow thy commands,—  
Master, if we feed thy sheep.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

A GOOD woman, who had been to the house of God, was met on her way home by a friend, who asked her if the sermon was done. "No," she replied, "it is all said; it has yet to be done."

For The Dayspring.

#### KEEP OPENING.

**L**ITTLE HAROLD had a birthday present of what seemed to be an empty box. He opened it and found another box inside of it. He opened the second box and found another inside of that; and so kept opening box after box until he found inside of the smallest one a piece of money.

If we should call the largest box the universe, we might call the other boxes contained within the universe, mankind, acquaintance, state, church, school, business, family, and ourselves; and within each one of us is the precious spirit, which gives value to all the others.

The universe exists for each one of us, and each one of us exists for the good of the universe. There are one thousand millions of men, women, boys, and girls on the earth, and each one gives greater or less value to the whole, and the whole affect each one. Our circle of acquaintance, embracing thousands of persons we have met and enjoyed as our friends, affects each one of us, and we belong to them. Our republic holds us, and we may be either good or bad fellow citizens.

We have church relations,—those who go to the same meeting and Sunday-school; and the happiness inside of that box depends upon the precious spirit which flows into it from each one of us. School-mates, business, friends, and family ties all open at last to find their real value in that innermost box we call ourselves.

We do not live to ourselves alone. We make our families, our schools, our stores, our churches, our state, our acquaintance, mankind, and the universe better or worse, happier or unhappier, by what we are ourselves.

The next time you keep opening a nest of boxes, think how we live together, sphere within sphere, circle within circle, box within box, till we reach at last that precious gift of God, each one's conscience, to be kept bright, pure, and active, to make itself felt even to the outermost verge of the universe.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

BOUND volumes of the "Dayspring," for the years 1872-81 inclusive, are for sale at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston. They ought to be in hundreds of families and libraries where they are not. Enclose *fifty cents* for any volume you want, and it will be sent by return mail.

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